



Boston, Nov. 3d, 1855.

My dear friend:

Having been confined to my bed and room, since Monday last, by a violent rheumatic attack, attended with some fever upon the brain, (though now improving,) I have been brought into very close sympathy with all who, ^{are} sick; and my thoughts, therefore, have gone in the direction of Weymouth, and clustered around the case of your dear father, of whose condition I have heard nothing for some time past. Is he improving, or gradually failing? What are your hopes or fears? Be assured you all have my warmest sympathies in this dark hour of affliction. To your father, give my tenderest remembrances, and the earnest expression of my heart's desire that his present sickness may not be unto death. But if it be decreed otherwise, by a Power to which we must ^{all} always submit, then I can only trust that he will apprehend the change to be no calamity in itself, but only the carrying out of an all-wise and beneficent arrangement of an all-gracious God, to result in his own higher development and exaltation.

To your mother, give my warm regards, and tell her that though (if your father be as ill as

I fear he is) she has a peculiarly heavy cross to bear, I have no doubt that she is amply sustained by her trust in God, "who doeth all things well."

To Deborah and your brother, remember me affectionately and sympathetically.

In these requests, my dear Helen cordially unites; for through what bereavements have we not both passed?

My dear friend, I have most afflicting intelligence to communicate to you. Our dear and noble friend, Francis Jackson, it is declared by his medical adviser, Dr. Bigelow, has only a few days more to live on earth. The fact was communicated to him yesterday, and he received it with that serenity and unflinching strength of soul which have ever characterised him in time of peril. He is ^{but} quietly making preparations for his departure; that, of course, little remaining to be done, for he is one whose house has long been set in order, and he is not taken by surprise - though the blow will come with sudden and astounding effect upon all his friends. He is very cheerful, and will pass away as nobly as he has lived. But how can we give him up? How spare one of the pillars our anti-sla. very temple? Who can fill his place? Ah! our refuge, at such a time, can only be found in the beneficence of God, whose interest in the welfare of the universe is infinite, and who alone sees the

end from the beginning. His will be done, not
ours. No righteous cause is dependant for its triumph
upon an arm of flesh.

It will be a singular, and by no means in-
felicitous occurrence, if presiding at the ^{20th} anniversa-
ry of the Boston mob of 1835, shall prove the last
public act of so long-tryed and faithful a friend of
the oppressed as Francis Jackson. That crown will
cover his head resplendently.

When do you expect Maria home? My heart
leaps almost wildly to see her again face to face.
God preserve her to us and the world for many,
many years!

Your sympathising friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Anne W. Weston.

Dear Anne: Feeling too weak to use the pen
comfortably myself, I employed my son Wendell ^{to jot down} what is written
above, at my dictation; but, since it was finished, and just as
I am preparing to mail it, Phoebe Gurnaut has ~~just~~ called
in, bringing the sad intelligence of the decease of your father
last evening, after much suffering. What more can I add?
"The soul knoweth its own grief," and there are times when none
should intermeddle therewith. My heart is bowed with yours—
I feel most deeply and tenderly for you all—more than this
I must not add now. Adieu! W. L. G.

